THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER—NEUTRAL IN POLITICS—DEVOTED TO NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE, AND AMUSEMENT.

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Original Communications.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

The Shadow of Bonaparte.

BY GEN. L. CURTY.

Alas! our young affections run to waste,
Our hearts grow tired and withered from the touch
Of deadening care, the blights of withering scorn,
Hard usage, petrifying neglect, and all
The thousand ills that passing years bring on,
Until the spirit withers into age,
And all its energies and powers, that gave
Which spring beneath her steps as passes fleet
Our the world's withering influence away,
The evening dew of youth, and leave us dry
And desolate and cheerless as is Syria's desert waste.
Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.

In the sedentary hours of life, when the fervor of youth, the heart was all love, and the spirit all gladness,

Ah! little we dreamed, as we worshipped with truth,
That the loved object of fancy was false to her vows.

For the Pilgrims of Plumtre was luring us on,
To the world of our Nature forever was gone.

But, ah! all too soon on the heart rushed the truth,
And coldly it turned, disappointed and blighted.

From the objects it loved with the order of youth—
The Phantasm it treated!—the faith that it plighted!

Our shadow on that heart blasted the hope—
That made it the blest home where now things did close.

For the grave of the casket—the worth of the treasure—
Were stolen and secreted by the Phantom of Pleasure.

On them, treating youth! in this desert of life,
Never sigh for the shadow we false, though alluring.

Which, when here were we, through sorrow and strife,
Alone so resort that in high or enduring
But sustaineth the heart, and its feelings are blunted,
And the growth of this spot prevents our return,
Nature it unkindly, you may for its
Or the fault of the heart, that it ever was planted,
And nothing's sure by the Phantom of Pleasure.

So, thoughtful youth! into treaty with hope!
Those attractions that woo you, shun! to deceive;
Remember you hold Nature's bonnet on trust,
And the verge of the tomb is the limit we believe.
Wed your spirit to Truth as the bride of true beauty;
So its comforter's embrace your protector shall be,
And the absence of pain shall be the best measure
Of the distance you are from the Phantom of Pleasure.

Jersey, Jan. 25th, 1841.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

Hope Dwilley.

A Tale of the Blizzard.

BY MRS. C. DURANG.

The rude December winds and waves, lashed the shores of the land of promise; where liberty waved her sceptre from the mountain summits, and the valleys with its sparkling rivulets, proclaiming the edict of their *Heavenly Founder*: that it is the home of the persecuted; where Fidelity subscribed the game of the universal Father, to which was affixed sincerity of heart follow the precepts of divine morality; where the humble Christian may enjoy the privileges of worshipping in the form his conscience may direct; where the rectified into our minds by *Him* who made us, will not be the instrumental record of banishment from his presence.

On the 22d of that month, in the year 1620, as the shadows of the evening were closing over the darkling waters, a few of the Pilgrims were left behind, in which a mother pressed to her bosom her loved infant, and raised eyes to Heaven in pious feeling of resignation, and thankfulness for the preservation of her child and its father, whom sun guided the frail barque.

Pilgrims of Plymouth! have there a fleetness manifested more than ordinary over the thoughts of his subjects; they escaped from the turmoils that divided their once happy home; to wish or say, that from a strange land, a home solace to those across where infancy, and dawning manhood's opens dreams, had painted bliss in every pleasant of idle life; and, hope had pressed truth and faith in every human being. Alas! their dreams are o'er! friendship is withered by the iron hand of power: the simple flowers they reared and loved so well, are gone! each blossom bruised up,—and every tree, whose spreading branches sheltered their peaceful home, the fanatic's ruthless axe has felled, and desolation reigns master of the spot. Even the Church, whose sanctity should have been the refuge of the wretched heart, is no more: a murdering pile rises remains, whose saber tell the tale of superstition, bigotry, and fanaticism.

Unaided by the flattering patronage of princely power, did the gallant band of pilgrim fathers, leave their land, after a dangerous and dreary voyage of many months, ignorant of the temper of the numberless savages by whom they were surrounded.

No time was lost, the bustle of preparation immediately commenced; all who were heretofore regardless of the "evasive comforts of this life," were actively employed in providing them to protect them against the rigors of the season, and, ere a few short weeks rolled by, a settlement was formed, where contrast supplied such wood—Their altars reared in the wilderness, canopied by Heaven, whose vast expanse embracing nature as its temple, worshipped the Almighty crowned with sanctity of soul ascended with ellinging incense, which fell like tears, reflected back the heavenly light, and shone with crystal brightness—emblematical of the purity of the faith which consecrated their civil and religious liberty.

The friends they were parted from, were mourned for as prisoners, in whose bosoms the sparks of the Divine Spirit lay smothered, not extinguished, waiting but the power breeze of Omnipotence to kindle the righteous flame which illumines the soul of Christianity, to shine from the mind that darkness of error which would wrap only shed the effulgence of their radiance of different creed, by bigotry under the mask of religion.

Here it was that, William and Grace Huntley hoped to find that happiness that their virtues deserved; the comforting tie of friendship is more strong in proportion as it is the result of the blendings of social intercourse and love are felt in its purest state: easy and ambition having no field for their display.

Their infant daughter, *Hope!* hourly increased in interest, and seemed, indeed, the type of that heavenly virtue, that, by her name she dog whom the prospect of happiness through immigration opened to them. Time, which passes so swiftly when the heart is happy, flew on the day whom she wander: and whom the fairest tones spread the luxuriant growth of sensitive—ideas, full, but not the reluctant—the social, personal, and a lively village, where industry and intellect associated brought forth the fruits of the earth more important, was the first foundation of what is now called Plymouth.

Mr. Huntley made many excursions toward the interior of the country, and were it not for the advantage of being side to hear occasionally from their former friends and relations, he would have removed from the sea coast, and made selection, to that vast expanse of waters, whose waves unbound the land of freedom on one side, and tyranny blasted with oppression on the other.

Mrs. Huntley was beautiful, so magnificently grand, still so dangerous, what food for contemplation does it not offer to the reflecting mind. The powerful voice of the Almighty spoke to every billow; whose foam invites the tempest blast to waft it onward in its course, till in receiving time its energy repose, and nature claims her hour of calm: she then becomes the tranquil mirror of unknown worlds: oft is her bosom then disturbed by the fearful mountains of fierce battle, and drowning wrecks shrieks unheard, save by *Him*, who watches over all!

That persecution which drove them from their home, fill not cause it willing to let its objects escape, and the frequent emoluments from their savage neighbors interrupted their tranquility—but, their hearts shocked the inconsistent, unsettling disposition of the Narragansetts, whose chief cannonier, sent a bundle of arrows tied with the skins of rattle snakes, as a challenge to defiance but, "it was not with them as with men whom small things could discourage. Their Governor, Bradford, instead of returning upon their red brethren, and finally excited the Indians to assault those with whom they had formed alliances of trade and friendship.

One night when the emigrants had returned to rest, their slumbers were broken by the warwhoops resounding then? the village: Mr. and Mrs. Huntley rushed from the house to learn the cause of the unusual sounds that had assailed their ears,—when a party of the Narragansetts rushed resistless on them, and, ere they could rouse their prisoners, while a portion of the party entered the house. The yell of battle pervaded the village; the wild war-whoop, unintimidated by awoke the slumbering inhabitants, who now *suddenly surprised*; were from pre concerted arrangements, soon found in their allotted posts and vigorously acting on the defensive.

The fierce shock of arms, which ensued from the undecided attack of the Indians, was suddenly arrested through the intervention of an ever *watchful Providence!* most signally displayed during the bloody fight. Although our villagers were thus suddenly and *fearfully surprised*,

when rank was old and undisputed; when neither mercantile wealth had pressed on their nobility on the one hand, nor popular principles on the other; when the gentry lived only to be reverenced and obeyed, every one in the midst of his own farmers and dependants as a king in his little realm, and dwelt to the years of his country, or to the chase of his own wide woods; when field-sports and jovial meetings, and hard riding were the employment of men and women, who took rank and power as an unquestioned heritage, and never troubled their heads with gathering knowledge; and all before them were supposed to be happy, because they were ignorant and unlearned.

The hall, which occupies the centre of the building, is nearly sixty feet long by thirty wide, supported by two elliptic arches and Ionic pillars. The middle of the room is now occupied by a billiard-table, which formerly stood in an upper room, called the tarrass-room, of which we shall speak presently. The grand feast, extending to the porch, was secured by a massy bar of wood which had been rudely let into the walls at each end, at the time of the riots of the Reform Bill, when Nottingham Castle was burnt, and when the mob were expected here, who owed the proprietor a grave of retribution, and actually attempted to burn his house at Colwick; whereon his wife, Mary Chaworth, only escaped by being carried from her bed, where those loving and cherished her, and hidden for some hours in the shrubbery during excessive rain, and afterward conveyed across the Trent in a boat. At the lower end of the hall an easy flight of steps leads to the upper apartments. Near the fire, at the upper end, a few steps lead into a bluestiled little brick flat-room, which looks out into the garden, and forms one of the projections of the building, the staircase at the lower end forming the other: the three large, old-fashioned windows which light the hall, lying on this side, and looking out into a little parterre, fenced off with a trellis-fence, even with the two projections we have spoken of—such a parterre as one often meets with, belonging to old houses—a little favored sanctuary of garden-produce, where choice flowers were trained, and which was the special care of yoga and gardener, before ladies took to gardening themselves. Here, also, was a poor orphaned girl, dorcas, almost overrun with shrubs and the tall tree-like laurels which encumber wall and window, and climb against the gable from the ground to the great annoyance of our good old woman, was once, as was fitting, the favorite flower-garden of Mary Chaworth.

The little breakfast-room we mentioned, looks out not only by a side window into the parterre, but also by two large bow-windows in the projection, a fine old garden, of a fine stately old terrace, one of the noblest it was ever our good fortune to see, and such a one as Dunby or Turner would be proud to sketch their fine pencils with. In this room were a few family portraits. One a small full-length figure, which the old woman very significantly told us was Byron Chaworth: that is, the Chaworth killed by the poet's grandfather in a duel. Another portrait she informed me was the last Lord Chaworth; for that he sold, which had been in the family of the Annesleys from the time of the Conquest, came into that of Lord Viscount Chaworth of Armagh, in Ireland, by the marriage of one of his ancestors with the sole heiress, Alice de Annesley, in the reign of Henry VI. "And this," she said, pointing to a female portrait, "was his lawful wife." "What, then," we said, "there was an unlawful wife, was there?" "Yes," she added, "she is here." We glanced at the picture placed in the steely corner by the window, next, however, to Lord Chaworth, and exclaimed, "and a good pretty one was his Lordship too!" A creature of most perfect and wondrous beauty it was that we beheld. What a fine, rich, oval countenance and noble forehead slightly shaded by auburn locks! what large dark eyes of inexpressible expression! what a beautiful rounding of the cheek, chin and throat! with exquisite features! what a perfect mixture of nobility of mind, with elegance and simplicity of taste. Never did we behold a more exultant, joy vision of proud beauty; and all that left for generations in a dark nook of this old hall, unmentioned, and unknown. It were worth a journey from London to Lincoln or Boston to see this portrait in, it represents a mode upon either cheek; but that, instead of detracting from the loveliness of the face, as might be imagined, only appears to give it character and individuality, and vouches for the fidelity of the likeness. The painting, too, is most exceedingly fine; for we know to any thing else in the house, except it be the satin petticoat of a Miss Burdett in the tarrass-room. "And who," we inquired, "was this charming creature?" "She was a girl of the village, sir," was the reply. "What! could the village produce a creature like her?" "Yes: his lordship took her into the house as a servant; but she did not like him and went away; however, he got her afterward, and built a house for her on the estate, and she had one child. But she died, poor thing; all was not right somehow; and all her money she put in a cupboard for her son,—they would show you the cupboard in the house to this day; and on the very night she died, her own relations came and took away the money; nothing—weren't as they should have been: and she came again." "What, was this the lady that we have heard an old man say, came up out of a well, and sat in a tree by moonlight, combing out her hair?" "No, Lord bless you: that was another; but the person died her, and the well is covered in; but the old man is living yet." "And where at the good woman's very orthodox belief in ghosts: but we know not whether we should not be apt to suspect the old man of a little waggery, if we were to dwell all alone in this old house as she does, and hear the winds howling and sighing until it at night: that and the noise about the windows, and dashing against the panes; and the owls hooting almost in many a wild, straining, and mournful tone; and feel ourself in the unprincipled solitude of these ancient rooms, with all their trains of sad remembrance.

Besides this portrait of the beautiful and unhappy Mrs. Mine, we bestowed a look of grand interest on one of much attraction, the daughter of Viscount Chaworth: beautiful, but full of the fascination of cultivated mind, and of a heart so living and loving, that it caused the eyelids to droop over their beauty orbs, with an expression that made you tremble for the peace of its possessor. One other picture attracted our attention from its singularity: it represented a lady, and apparently, "the hill of grass and mild declivity," the line of trees, and the trees in circular array, from among which rises the temple we have seen before, and which our cicerone assured us had been considered "the finest in all England, but had been taken down to Clumber Cresswell Factory of Sir Jacob Astley." In the foreground stands, as if painted in amazement, a gentleman in a strange sort of dress—jerkin of white satin, with puffed sleeves, pantaloons richly wrought and bordered with gold lace. On his right hand his amazement lady, half his head taller than himself clad in a riding dress of green, bordered also with gold lace; and on either side of them a son, in the full dress of William and Mary's reign: with powdered wigs, long laced vests of satin, waistcoats, and breeches, with white silk stockings on their neat little legs, and lace ruffles at their hands, each with his little hand turned on one side under the one carrying a fawn, the other a greyhound; and the family group completed by the groom standing a little behind, holding the lady's palfrey ready saddled for her use. This and a portrait of the son of Lord Chaworth, are all the family pictures which the house contains.

Leaving them this time, we re-ascended the hall, and ascending the staircase at the lower end, entered the drawing-room, which is over the hall—a handsome room, and the best furnished in the house. The most interesting piece of furniture it contains, or, perhaps, which the house itself contains, is a screen covered over with a great number of cuttings in black paper, done by Mrs. Goodchild, and representing a great variety of family incidents and character—these little pas-

ing incidents in life, which, though rarely chronicled, are most influential on its fortunes—on which either the very fortune of how, or the impulse of a letter—the first meeting—the last parting—how much do those things involve! Here we were introduced to Mary Chaworth and her lover, and grandfather, full of hope, and life, and gaiety: with her friends and domestics about her; at the very time when Lord Byron became established to her. Of the accuracy of this likeness we have no doubt, from the wonderful fidelity of some of the others, with whom personally we are acquainted: in one place she is represented as sitting in a room, her attitude one of terror. A man is before her presumptuously pointed, and a terrific page is concealing herself under a table. In another, she still with her mother and a gentleman at tea: a footman behind waiting upon them. Again, she is in the gardens or grounds, walking with her cousin, Miss Radford; her rustic hat thrown back upon her shoulders; her beautiful hair tastefully arranged, and her head put close to receive a letter from a page, kneeling on one knee, —a letter from her lover and subsequent husband.

Again, she is playing with a little child; and all in all, her figure is full of exquisite grace and truth, and the profile of the face remarkably fine. It is impossible to say with what intense interest we examined these memorials of private life—these records of the full of vanity and character, incidental, but important—the very essence of an autobiography.

The last picture we had in this room lay a rich fan belonging to Mary Chaworth, which the old woman told us had been laid down by her then on the spot. She observed, too, another of those little incidents in family history in this room, which have something peculiarly touching in them. On the staircase stood the one-chair of a son who died at sea. It stood as it had been ever since after his death,—left up, and the aisle still unbroken. Poor Nanny Mashland said sorrowfully—"Ah, poor fellow! he was a rosen lad; he would like to see his chair up there, but he would not be that —for the living went to his elder brother. He did not like the sea: but he used to write to the house from sea, his mother, and say how he did; he done." Eh! what sweet letters he used to send, if you could but have heard them—but it's all over now, poor lad; and his poor mother, that used to sit and cry over them—she's gone too!"

From the drawing-room we passed to the one over it, which was the same size as regards by a glass door upon the terrace, which runs along the top of the garden at right angles with the house, and level with this second story, descending to the garden by a double flight of broad stone steps, in the middle of the length, which is about eighty yards. This room formerly contained the billiard-table, and in it Mary Chaworth and her noble lover passed much time. He was fond of the terrace, and used to pace backward and forward upon it, and amused himself with shooting with a pistol at a door. It was here that she last saw him, with the exception of a dinner-visit, after his return from his travels. It was here that he took his last leave of Mary Chaworth, when

He went his way,
And ne'er repassed that door, nor trod the terrace more.

It was here, then, those ill-fated ones stood, and lingered, and conversed, for at least two hours. Mary Chaworth was here all life and hope, full of love and beauty, and joy. What a change fell upon her after-life! She now stood here, the last scion of a time-honored race, with her ancestral estate in her hand, and her thoughts there in joy with the chosen of her life. Never did human life present a subdor contrast! There were associations connected with this spot of the most mournful history, much of which will never be known: suffice it to say, that it was not without most real, deep, and agonizing cause, that years after,

In her house, her native home,
She dwelt linger with growing infirmity,
Neglected and forgotten by the world: deserted:
Upon her face there was the tint of grief,
The settled shadow of an inward strife,
And an unquiet drooping of the eye.
As if in her had been charged with mental traits.

It was with a feeling of the most thrilling of trusting affections, the desolation of a spirit trodden and crushed by that which should have shielded it, that

She was changed
As by the sickness of the soul: her mind
Had wrestled from its throne of light and joy
They lost not their own traits, but the tone
Which is not of the earth: she was become
The queen of a fantastic realm: her thoughts
Were combinations of disjointed things,
And reason half o'erthrown.
Of others' sight, familiar were to hers.

There must have come a day, a soul-prostrating day, when she must have felt the grand mistake she had made, in casting away a heart that never ceased to love her and sorrow for her, and a mind that wept her, even severed as it was from her, in an impenetrable burial of grief.

There is nothing in all the histories of broken affections and mortal sorrows, more striking and touching than the fate of Mary, one of the lyre and joyous-hearted in her youth, sitting in her latter years, for days and weeks, alone and unvisited, uninterrupted by any one, in this old house, weeping over the picture which commenced in burning words on the individual fortunes of herself and Lord Byron—

The one
To end in madness—both in misery.

With this idea vividly impressed on our spirits, we left the house, and passed out into the garden, at the door at which Byron passed; we took the sunny terrace, and gazed on the oak we had planted in the centre of its many balustrade, bearing the original escutcheon of the Chaworth family, and standing a brave object to seen from the garden, into which we descended, and wandered among its high-grown evergreens. But every thing was tinged with the spirit and fate of that unhappy lady. The walks were overgrown with grass; and tufts of snowdrop leaves, now grown wild and shaggy, as they do after the flower is gone, gave the whole place a look of beautiful but peculiar kind of famitory, with its pink bloom, and the daffodils and primroses of early spring mixed and cut from among the large forest trees that surrounded the garden. Every thing, even the smallest, seemed in unison with that great spirit of silence and desolation which had come over the place; and the gusty winds that swept the long wood-walk by which we came away, gave us a last farewell moan.

We only saw just in time, this interesting old place in its dereliction. It is now repaired, altered, and, I understand, every historical identity so far as possible destroyed.

Leopold Secretary.

The wonderful and eccentric genius of Paganini was for years the delight and astonishment of Europe; and the various performances, not only upon one violin, but upon the wonders of the humanity, have long been subjects of much consideration, at the musical circles throughout the world. It was his gift to draw from the violin the most unearthly and the most heavenly tones. He had endowed him with genius which was not to be equalled by any other performer; and there is time for the pair of those who were within the influence of his extraordinary efforts. Paganini was a native of Genoa, and was born in 1784.

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Natural Mad Ox.

In the town of Dover, Franklin Co. State of New York, in the year of Nature's mad ox in the year of humanity, have long been subjects of much consideration, at the musical circles throughout the world. It was his gift to draw from the violin the most unearthly and the most heavenly tones. He had endowed him with genius which was not to be equalled by any other performer; and there is time for the pair of those who were within the influence of his extraordinary efforts. Paganini was a native of Genoa, and was born in 1784.

Saturday Evening Post.

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GEORGE R. GRAHAM & CO.
NO. 98 CHESTNUT STREET.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1841.

☞ REMOVAL.—The Office of the Saturday Evening Post is removed to the corner of the South West Corner of Chesnut and Third Street. The attention is in every respect superior to that of the old stand. We shall be happy to see the good-humored countenances of our subscribers at any time.

PAIR OFFERS.

As we intend to keep the Post rank, in both periodical literature and periodical intelligence, we offer the following liberal premiums for 1841. Those who wish to compensate the year with us, should let us know at once.

For $5 in ADVANCE free of Postage, we will forward the Saturday Evening Post and GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK, or THREE SUBSCRIBERS, for one year.

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The entire success of this periodical to the friends of these offers, ALL ARREARAGES MUST BE FIRST PAID, and these terms are universal to NONE. Orders must be received with the office by mail, or otherwise on the CASH system.

☞ The safest way for subscribers at a distance to send their subscription is to enclose it in a letter, and request the postmaster to frank it, and send it in UNCLE SAM'S mail bag; AT OUR RISK. Try it. It is very convenient, and we pay at least all the office, and if we do we suffer the loss, and the works are invariably forwarded.

England, China, and the Opium Trade.

The article under this head in the London Times, is full credit: at least we shall say it is incorroborated. It has throughout an air of improbability. With this preliminary caution, we shall proceed to call attention to the real character of the difficulty.

The Chinese War is a stain upon the English nation. Fraud itself has rarely been witness to so base an outrage on the rights of Heaven.—Napoleon, in the most aggressive moments of his wild career, never attempted to perpetrate an enterprise more wholly, more incessantly flagrant. A few words will explain.

The inveterate obstenimess of the dependants of the East India Company, and the vast profits which salaries annually drain from India, the gigantic sum of $30,000,000. This balance is still further increased by the enormous appropriations for the virtual exclusion of her manufactures from England, through the heavy duties levied on them—an enormous sum sufficient to support a very large standing army

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, &C.

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Agents will please endorse their letters with their names or initials.

Other letters will not be taken from the Post office unless the postage is paid.

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Agents are earnestly solicited to make quick remittances, without which it is difficult to keep accounts correct. They should always give names and time paid for.

Any person forwarding Ten Dollars current, free of postage, in advance, will be entitled to six copies.

Removals must always state the Post-office removed from, as well as to which the paper is to be addressed.

Travelling Agents.

☞ John H. Thompson, Esq. of Wheeling, Va., has been appointed agent for the Saturday Evening Post and Graham's Magazine in the place of R. J. Garwood, deceased. Subscribers at that place, and those wishing to subscribe for either periodical will be kind enough to call on him.

☞ I. E. James is our general travelling agent, assisted by O. H. P. Stem and Seth T. Brooks. Subscribers and local agents upon whom they may call will oblige us by settling with them.

☞ Wm. McGary is agent for the Post and Magazine at Fayetteville, N. C. Subscribers at said place will oblige us by paying him their subscriptions.

☞ C. W. James, of Cincinnati, Ohio, our old agent is still authorised to collect and receive new subscribers in the States of Ohio and Indiana, assisted by H. M. Lewis and M. Meeker.

☞ D. A. Bulkley, of Jacksonville, Ill. is the agent for the Saturday Evening Post and Graham's Magazine all representations by others to the contrary notwithstanding. We cordially recommend him.

☞ B. G. Easton and L. F. Easton for Illinois, Missouri Arkansas, Iowa and Wisconsin.

☞ S. H. Stevenson and John F. Johnson for Kentucky.

☞ W. A. Pierce, for Pennsylvania and New Jersey.

☞ J. Ivison, Jr. Auburn, New York, is duly authorised to receive monies due for Saturday Evening Post and Graham's Magazine.

☞ Alanson Billings, Esq. is our agent for Tennessee.

☞ Wm. H. Tutt, Esq. of Versailles, Ky. is our agent vice John Anderson, Esq. resigned.

☞ L. Tomkins for the New England States. Subscribers who may be waited upon by the above gentlemen, will please liquidate their accounts at once. tf

To Correspondents.

"Charles Ellerton's" request has been complied with, and the package he refers to is in the Post office.

"Lines," by W. G. K. are on file and shall appear.

"Adieu to my Native Land," is under consideration.

"S. H. T." by Isabella, is given out for insertion. Look for it in next week's Post.

"The Desolate," shall appear. It might, however, have more point, though the execution of the rhyme is good, and the author displays considerable fancy.

"The River Schuylkill," is under advisement.

"The Music of Liberty," to our ear,

"Grates harsh thunder."

Such lines as

"Thy voice now enchains ev'ry ear;
Ev'ry heart is entranc'd with thy lay.
The frightful black demon of fear
Gives place to thy soul cheering ray."

General News.

Cost of British Pride.—The following table from a foreign paper shows the extent of loss in "blood and treasure" by Great Britain, resulting from her determination to intermeddle with the domestic affairs of every nation, and her disposition to stop at nothing in the race after self-aggrandizement. It is a subject upon which the moralist may dwell, and find ample material for serious consideration.

WARS.	THEIR OBJECTS AND CAUSES.	COST TO GR'T BRITAIN.	TOTAL LOSS OF LIFE.
War of the British Revolution	To establ'h William on the throne and humble France.	£31,000,000	230,0 0
War of the Spanish Succession.	To deprive Philip of Spain, and humble the Bourbons.	44,000,000	250,000
Span. War & Austrian Succession.	Quarrel about Campeachy and Hungary.	47,000,000	240,000
Seven Years' War	About Nova Scotia, &c.	107,000,000	650,000
American War,	To maintain her power over North America,	151,000,000	340,000
War of the French Revolution.	To repress anti-monarchical principles in France, &c.	472,000,000	700,000
War against Bonaparte,	To restrain Napoleon and restore the Bourbons,	580,000,000	1,400,000
		£1,437,000,000	3,910,000

Interesting from Florida.—The St. Augustine papers of the 22d ult., contain intelligence of the most gratifying character from the afflicted territory. The war has indeed been carried into the "enemy's camp" and he has been fearfully routed in his strong holds. The News of that date says:

"The schooner Frances, Captain Cooper, arrived this morning, bringing the glorious news of additional success in the capture and destruction of the enemy South. On the 8th, Col. Harney captured and killed in the Everglades, 12 Indians. On the 10th, at Indian River, the command under Major Childs, Lieutenants Taylor, Steptoe Van Vleit, and Dr. Simmons, captured 34 Indians and negroes, killing 4. On the 11th, on the St. Johns, Lieuts. Taylor and Van Vleit captured five Indians, killing one. Col. Harney had to return for additional force, and is again in pursuit of the enemy.

The news from the South is truly cheering. The Indians were coming in at the different posts, and the Florida papers are expressing themselves highly rejoiced at the decisive steps taken by the officers of the army, who appear determined to end the contest."

The Tigris Case.—A hearing of the claimants in this case was had in Boston on Tuesday last, when a letter from Capt. Matsel was read, in which he disclaimed any intention to seize the vessel as a prize, stating that his only reason in bringing her to the United States was that her crew might be punished for trafficking in slaves. Midshipman Jackson, however, put in a verbal affidavit of authority from his commander to libel the vessel for a forfeiture. The American claimants urge the dismissal of the libel on the ground that Capt. Matsell, as a British officer, had no authority to search an American vessel, and is himself, in view of the Court, a trespasser.

The Oregon Territory.—Mr. Linn's bill provides for ascertaining and fixing the boundaries of the United States on the Pacific frontier, and for the establishment of a chain of military posts between Fort Leavenworth and the Rocky Mountains. It grants one thousand acres of land to every white male inhabitant of the territory who shall cultivate and use the same for five consecutive years, and authorizes the appointment of an Indian agent, with a salary of fifteen hundred dollars, to superintend the interests of the United States with any Indian tribe west of any agency now established.

Speck of War.—When the news of the raising of the French blockade of Buenos Ayres was received at Montevideo, the Governor of that province immediately laid an embargo on all vessels in the port to prevent their going up to Buenos Ayres. The English and American commodores immediately entered a formal protest against this, and ordered all vessels belonging to their respective nations, to get ready to leave the harbor instantly. Com. Ridgely, with the U. S. ships Potomac and Decatur, would remain in the river till these difficulties were over.

Native Wealth.—A late geological survey of New Hampshire has resulted in the discovery of a valuable mine of tin ore, in Coos County, at the base of the White Mountains, so pure as to yield 30 or 40 per cent. A similar survey in New York has proved the existence of steel ore in Franklin and Clinton counties, which possesses all the properties of manufactured steel, in an inherent state. Such discoveries as these are worth all the schemes for the "regulation of the currency" which the last fifty years have developed, and the schemers "to boot."

Curious Operation.—A boy about 12 years old, a son of Mr. Carlin in Butler Co., Pa., swallowed a threaded needle a few weeks since, which lodged in the throat within a few inches of the stomach. Physicians were called in who resorted to a curious method to relieve their patient. In vomiting the boy had thrown the thread attached to the needle into his mouth. This was immediately secured and a gun tube passed down over it, by which the needle was carried into the stomach; turned and brought safely up, with but little pain.

Printers Morals.—The Printers of the city of Savannah have held a meeting on the subject of being compelled to work on Sundays, to the deprivation of that rest and those privileges which other citizens enjoy; and appointed a committee to wait on the Editors of the daily papers, to request that they will hereafter issue their paper on Sunday instead of Monday. This is a very reasonable request, and we think should be considered by the press in this city.

Burned to Death.—A most heart-rending calamity occurred in Wetumpka, Alabama, on the 12th instant. The apparel of Mrs. Heard, lady of Mr. F. Heard, merchant of that place, accidently caught fire, and she was burned in a most distressing and shocking manner. To use the language of one of the physicians in attendance, she was burned all over, and some parts of her body were burned to a crisp. There is but little hope of her recovery.

The Freshet.—*Georgetown, S. C. Jan. 20.*—The Pee Dee river on Wednesday last, had risen to within four feet of the great freshet of last May. This high river will be, with us, at its height on Saturday, and as the wind will be N. E. (as is almost invariably the case on the arrival of a freshet) our planters will do well to look to their trunks.

Robbery.—The dwelling of Henry H. Dodge, Cleveland, was entered on Sunday night last, and robbed of $2550, principally Ohio bills of the Miami Exporting Company, Gallipolis, West Union, and other Banks, with some Indiana, Illinois, Virginia and Kentucky paper. A reward of $500 is offered for the apprehension and recovery. Look out.

Sudden Death.—As a man on horseback was crossing the Mississippi at the mouth of Fever river, on the 9th inst., the fore feet of his horse broke through the ice, by which he was pitched from the saddle; thrown through the ice and was not afterwards seen. The horse was extricated but the name of the unfortunate rider was not ascertained.

Ladies in Mutiny.—The U. S. ship Delaware has been ordered to be fitted for sea, and it is rumored that she is to relieve the Ohio, in the Mediterranean. The Tattler says: "The ladies on board the latter ship, taken out by Commodore Hull, are said to be in a state of mutiny; and the Delaware goes out to rescue the vessel."

A Madman.—A man named Isaac Greely, was recently taken to the Insane Asylum, at Augusta, Me. in such an infuriated state of madness that he died of exhaustion shortly after his admission. He was so powerful in his ravings that six strong men were unable to restrain him and were thrown about by him as if they were so many straws.

Talking Railway.—A machine has been attached to the London and Blackwell Railroad, by which a conversation can be maintained between these places, —a distance of seven miles—with ease. The talking is carried on by galvanized wires, which convey the communications at the rate of 20 miles a second.

Important Decision.—In the Supreme Court of New York on Wednesday, the Chief Justice and Judge Oakley presiding, it was decided that persons having a place of business in a city or town, and boarding and lodging in another, is a *non-resident* in his place of business.

Pennsylvania Lead.—We understand that a company has been found to work the lead mine, discovered a short time ago on the Susquehanna, about a mile below Sunbury. They have leased it for ten years, and will commence operations as soon as the weather will permit.

Hines Retaken.—The N. O. Bulletin of the 18th states that this notorious convict, after remaining in the swamp two or three days, being tired of longer fasting, came out to a plantation on the highlands and requested the negroes to take his irons off. The slaves at once took measures for securing him, in which they effectually succeeded, notwithstanding the Doctor offered resistance with a bowie knife. He has again taken his proper place in the cells of the Penitentiary. As to the manner of his escape, it appears that by some means unknown he obtained false keys, opened the doors, and got up to the segar shop, then cut a hole through the roof, and let himself down to the ground with cords.

Murder at Tunkhannock.—We learn from the Harrisburg Telegraph, that a murder was committed on Friday last, under the horrid effects of intoxication. A man named George Baker, while drunk in the streets, was annoyed by the boys, who threw snow balls; he became enraged, and at this moment a Mr. William Lucky came out of his shop, on his way to tea, and Baker supposing that he was one of the gang which had insulted him, and stepping up to him took him by the collar, drew a dirk knife and plunged it into his back; the next blow in his breast, and the third cut his abdomen completely open, so that his entrails nearly all came out. He lived but a few hours.

From Texas.—News from Galveston to the 13th inst. was received at N. Orleans. The intelligence is of but little importance or interest. Arista, the Mexican chief, still threatened an invasion, but the Texians laugh at the idea. A resolution is before the House of Representatives to adopt offensive measures against Mexico. Business generally was reviving in the Texas towns. The news of the recognition of the independence of Texas by Great Britain, increased the confidence of the Texians in their strength and resources. The schooner of war San Jacinto, was totally lost on a bar off the Arcas Islands.

The Garrick.—The Garrick has been hauled off into deep water. The ship, it is supposed, is not so much injured but that she can be repaired in a short time, on a dry dock. The dry-good dealers of New York have been making a small fortune off the "wreck of the Garrick." Every store kept a boy busy carrying buckets of water to privately *wet* the goods they had for sale—such being the demand for *damaged* articles by the Garrick that the highest prices were paid for anything that bore the appearance of them. Go it humbug!

Anthony McConnell Estate.—This case was determined before the Court of Escheat on Thursday last. Much testimony of conflicting kind was heard, and the case was presented and argued at length by Messrs. Stewart, Hood, D. P. Brown, E. D. Ingraham, and F. W. Hubbel, on behalf of the claimants, and J. Miles on behalf of the Commonwealth. The Jury found against the Escheat. The Pennsylvanian says, this does not finally determine whether this is an escheated estate, but that the subject yet remains to be determined in a different shape.

Texas.—The last accounts from this Republic state that Arista has only 2000 men, and will not attempt an invasion till reinforced, although he blusters as much as ever. The Texian steamer Zavalla is not wrecked as was reported. She towed the Texian fleet up to Tobasco, during the siege of that city, and received her share of the $25,000 paid the Texians for their assistance. The war schooner San Jacinto was totally wrecked on the Arcas Islands. Texas money is improving.

The Mail Robbery.—Dr. Braddee and two of his accomplices, Purnell and Strayer, have been taken to Pittsburg from Uniontown, where they will be confined until tried, having failed to procure bail. Corman, the stage driver, is still in jail at Uniontown. Another mail bag has been found, after digging, on Braddee's premises, together with several crucibles and a bar of metal. Letters were found in the bag, dated January, 1840.

Destructive Fire.—A very destructive fire occurred in Pownal, Vermont, on the 19th inst. About two o'clock in the morning, a fire was discovered in the grist mill of Mr. D. Brown, which was consumed, together with the cotton factory owned by Bowen and Slocum, the woollen factory of Mr. Ethan Brown, and a saw mill, together with nearly all their contents. The loss is estimated at from 30 to $40,000. Insurance 5 or $6000.

Steamship Columbia.—Speaking of the fire said to have taken place on board this vessel on her late passage, the Captain says "the fire was only in the roof of a small house round the funnel on deck, occasioned by the oversight of its being built rather too near it. Although immediately extinguished, the fire could have done no serious harm, had the whole of the house been consumed."

From the Pacific.—By the arrival of the Coquette at Baltimore, in 69 days from Islay, in Peru, near Africa, we learn that the Bolivian Congress had declared all the acts of the administration of Gen. Santa Cruz valid, and ordered his property to be restored. It was general opinion, both in and out of Congress that a revolution would shortly take place in favor of Santa Cruz.

The N. E. Boundary.—Mr. Bouchette, Surveyor General of Lower Canada, has laid before his government, observations relative to the report of Messrs. Mudge and Featherstonaugh, accompanied by comparative statements, sections and diagrams, which it said uphold the title of Great Britain to the range of highlands claimed by her Pshaw!

Mail Lost.—The last Natchez Courier states that the Jackson mail rider, in attempting to cross St. Catherine's creek on the 12th instant, lost his horse in consequence of the bridge having been swept away by the high water. The sulkey and mail bags started for parts unknown, by water. The escape of the rider was fortunate.

Repealed.—The New York "market laws" have been repealed. Fresh meats may now be sold elsewhere than in the public markets, and the butchers are to be reimbursed by the city, in the heavy premiums they have paid for monopoly stalls. This is just, and we are glad to see it.

Rejected.—The Bill to repeal the law which forbids the marriage of blacks and whites, having passed the preliminary stages of legislation, was on Monday *rejected* in the Massachusetts House of Representatives, by a majority of 60, on the question of passage to be engrossed.

Serious Accident.—As the Railroad cars were entering Newark on Saturday night, the proprietor of a cab, named Benjamin Whitesall, in attempting to jump on the cars, fell under the wheels, which passed over his breast. He was not expected to live through the night.

Fire.—We learn from the Boston Mercantile Journal that the Bolivar Cotton Mills, in Canton, Mass. were on Wednesday morning entirely destroyed by fire. The loss is from $25,000 to $35,000, and was insured at the Manufacturers' Insurance Office, Boston.

Killed at Sea.—One of the men of the ship Diana, from Boston, a few days ago fell from the main-top gallant yard to the deck, and was so badly bruised that his death was almost instantaneous. His name was William Dodge, a native of Edgecombe, Me.

Fire in New York.—On Friday night, a fire broke out in Fulton street, and destroyed two stores and their contents, and the contents of several other stores were seriously damaged by water. Loss from $35,000 to $50,000.

Melancholy.—On Wednesday last, in Middletown, Conn. the steam boiler at the Steam Planing works of Messrs. G. M. ... & Co. blew up with a terrible ex-

The Census and Apportionment.—The New York Sun remarks, that the total population of the U. States, according to the census, will stand about as follows—whites, 14,250,000; free colored, 400,000; slaves, 2,354,000—total, 17,000,000. The ratio of 60,000 which has been proposed as the basis of representation, would deprive many of the States of part of their present representation, and leave very large fractions unrepresented in a majority of the States.—The Express contains a table showing the effect of such a ratio compared with the present. By this, it appears, that the thirteen non-slaveholding States, which, under the present ratio of 47,700, have a representation in the House of Congress of 142 members, would, by the ratio proposed, have such representation increased to 154 members, while the thirteen slaveholding States have now 100, would be decreased to 95, making 249 members in the House. A ratio of 50,000 would increase the House to about 300 members.

The English and the Chinese.—The three millions mentioned in the English papers, as the indemnity to be paid by China for opium, destroyed, is now considered as an *estimate of loss* rather than a definite sum agreed upon to be paid, since it appears that no definitive terms have been made. The English, however, still hold the Island of Chusan, which is very unhealthy. The Emperor has, it is said, offered another in exchange for it. It is the most northern station in which the tea is made. The whole island is said to abound with tea trees, even to the tops of the mountains; and if Britain hold on to it it may become important, not merely as a military position, but as an additional means of rendering her independent of the caprice of the Celestial Empire for supplies of that now important article of general use—tea.

Slaver Captured.—A letter from St. Croix to the editor of the New York Commercial Advertiser, dated December 30th, states that a British brig of war had captured a schooner between Porto Rico and St. Thomas, which, on being searched, was found to be filled with negroes from eight to twelve years of age, stark naked, with their heads shaved. The crew of the slaver were taken on board the brig, and the schooner manned with English sailors and sent to St Croix. Several of the negroes were sick and one died immediately after their arrival at the island. The vessel and cargo belonged to a Spaniard at Porto Rico, and were valued at $60,000. They will be taken to Havana.

British Insolence Again.—The second mate of the Sea Mew, Mr. Shreve, and three of the crew have arrived from St. Helena in a whaler at New Bedford. Their vessel, it may be remembered, was seized at Amburg, on the African coast, by the British war brig Persian, on the charge of being a slaver. Mr. Shreve states that the alleged ground of seizure was the presence of about 3000 feet of pine boards in her hold; which had been used in stowing the outward cargo of dry goods, flour, &c. Mr. Shreve describes the conduct of the men and officers from the Persian as exceedingly harsh, abusive and aggravating.

From South America.—By the Brig Ann at Baltimore on Tuesday from Rio we have news from Montevideo to the 19th Nov. It appears that the troubles at Buenos Ayres are not yet over. Letters were received from Lavalle, stating that eight of the Provinces had joined him, that his force consisted of 10,000 men, and that it was his intention to march toward the capitol in a few days.

Sudden Death.—Judge Fuller, of Augusta, Me. suddenly fell dead on Friday evening last, while walking along Cambridge street, Boston.

Preparing for War.—It is said that the British are fortifying Halifax in the most imposing and formidable manner.

Dr. Eldridge.—The third trial of this individual has been postponed until next Monday week.

Political Intelligence.

The New Cabinet.—The New York Star says that, in all probability, the following gentlemen will form the new Cabinet:—

Daniel Webster, of Mass., Secretary of State.
Mr. Ewing, of Ohio, Postmaster General.
Mr. Clayton of Del., Secretary of the Treasury.
Mr. Bell, of Tennessee, Secretary of War.
Mr. Porter, of Louisiana, Secretary of the Navy.
Mr. Crittenden, of Ky., Attorney General.

Appointments by the President, *by and with the advice and consent of the Senate.*—Francis J. Dunn, to be Secretary in and for the Territory of Wiskonsin. Nathan Garrow, to be Marshal for the northern district of New York. (Re-appointed.) G. W. Bryant, Register at the Land Office, at Opelousas, La., vice Cesaire Delahoussaye, who has declined the appointment.

An Extra Session.—At a meeting of the Whigs in Washington on Tuesday last, an extra session of Congress was determined on, as necessary to carry out their views. Sometime in May was particularised.

Indiana.—A bill has passed the Indiana Legislature, apportioning the Senators and Representatives. The number of Senators is fixed at 50, and Representatives at 100.

More Disgrace.—Dr. Duncan & W. Cost Johnson have been making fools of themselves and disgracing the floor of Congress. We are sick of these scandalous transactions.

Maine Senator.—Hon. George Evans has been chosen Senator from Maine, for six years from the 4th of March next.

Election of Congressmen.—A bill providing for the election of members of Congress by general ticket, is before the Legislature of Illinois.

Rejected.—The Indiana Senate has rejected the bill to suspend the prosecution of the public works of that State.

Deodands and Coroner's Verdicts.

We perceive that the press of the country are ad-

THE OLIO.

Variety's the spice of life,
That gives it all its flavor.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

The Bridge.

BY MRS. ——.

Oh! Harry! don't ask me to go,
I really am scarcely asleep—
And yet it appears not so,
I hardly know which way to choose.
You swear I'm the loveliest girl
You ever beheld in your life;
You vow that my teeth are like pearl,
And wish I was only your wife.

Though our meetings by stealth we now snatch
In the grove just behind the old church—
I'm sure I'm ill content to be snatch'd.
If you'll only have patience awhile;
Its always was hard to persuade.

And now he's so coax with the gout,
That pain and all humor seem mild.

His resistance just ten times more strict

You know I'm the only one left
Of my sisters to cheer his lone—
Of my daughter, dear Harry, bereft—
How cheerless and dark were his way!
Aunt says you are poor, and too young,
To Papa you but sold the same thought—
I wish she would just hold her tongue,
For nothing but sorrow she brings.

She certainly must be in fun.
In saying we're both of us poor,
For you're a most rowdy-rom,
And I am quite turned of thirteen.
But oh! if you only would wait
A year, dearest Harry, or two,
No change need you fear in your Kate—
She'll ever be constant to you.

Your mistaken, Harry, I've kept
On the chairs, round my neck, all the time,
What it seemed to my lot I have slept,
(Aunt would think it a terrible crime!)
Don't fancy your grandeur I slight,
But ask me no more, love, to vow,
And—I'll meet you, dear Harry, to-night
Just behind the old stile in the grove.

DANCING AMATEURS.—"I say, is dat you, Pete Gambo, dere de oder side, dar?" said Sam Jonsing last night as he thought he recognized his old acquaintance across the street.

"Well it is. Is dat you, Sam?" rejoined Pete, for it was the veritable hero himself.

"You's right, dat. Well, look hee, Pete, is you been to see dat extraornary progidy, Master Dinnor, yet?"

"No, I hasn't Sam."

"De fur! you doesn't have no exceptions to what you's less. Whoosh! I just done come from de St. Charles, and I declar, fore man, I never was so plenelled wid any representashun ob de style ob dancing in our nashenle circle, Pete. You ort to a been dar, dat you ort."

"Why, say, wat does he do dat's so extonishing?"

"Why, he jest naterally fans out every ting dat wears heels. He puts in de science hide it way dat takes de rag right off, and in de 'toeand-heel,' 'double shuffle,' and oder fashionable parts of 'gimmic dancing,' he puts me in mind ob perpetual motion."

"De fur! Sam, I mus go and see him. Wen does he go it agin?"

"Saturday night."

"I'm dar, shua," said Pete, and the two darkies each went his way.—N. O. *Pic.*

SOUTH OMENS AND PLAYER.—Mr. Bensley, before he went on the stage, was a captain in the army. One day he met a Scotch officer who had been in the same regiment. The latter was hurrying to meet an old commander; but his Scotch blood made him ashamed to be seen with a player. He therefore hurried Mr. Bensley into an unfrequented coffee-house, where he hoped his very accoutrally, "How could you disgrace the corps by turning play-actor?" Mr. Bensley replied, "that he by no means considered it in that light, that, on the contrary, a respectable player, who behaved with propriety, was looked upon in the best manner, and kept the company of the best people." "And what, mane," said his surveyor, "do you get by the business of yours?"—"I now," answered Mr. B. "get about a thousand a year."—" A thousand a year!" exclaimed the astonished Scot: "*how you any vacancies in your corps?*"

ABSOLUTE DEATH.—A man named Death, still a resident of Connecticut, had over the door of his store the sign of "Reminded whiskey," and directly under that name, "Absolute Death." An old lady from the country, with her son, a hearty lad, was one day quietly wending her way through the street in a wagon; this sign caught her eye.—"Stop! 'Rectified Whiskey, Absolute Death.'—That's a fact! Johnny let me get out, there is more than one man in Connecticut; I want to see what he looks like."

RUMBLES.—One of the most sincere lamentations upon the death of a great man is that of Buonaccia, the poet, over Cardinal Richelieu.

Cy gist, cey gist pas le mort bien
Le Cardinal de Richelieu,
Et ce n'est mon victoy
Ma pensive avec lui."

Here lies—regret his very true
The illustrious cardinal Richelieu.
My grief is grounded—and of white,
Alas my pensive lies with him."

CUNNUBIAL.—A couple were united in the bonds of matrimony, a few evenings since, who were so bad off for the "ready," that their friends were obliged to contribute a subscription to procure the fee. After the ceremony was performed, and the parson seemed waiting for his usual fee, he was accosted by the brute with—"Sir, do you credit for marrying; I came if you don't, you'll have to put John in jail, and let him sweat out."

A BAD DINNER.—One day when Charles fasted dined in state, he made De Grammont remark that he was served upon the knee, a mark of respect not common at other courts. "I thank your majesty for the explanation," answered De Grammont, "I thought they were begging pardon for giving you so bad a dinner."

COMEDY-BOOK.—"Has that monkey-book any features?" said Miss C. to a bookseller. "No, Miss, none," was the answer. "Why?" exclaimed the witty and beautiful young lady, "what is the use of telling us how to make a good dinner if they give us no *plates?*"

CURRAN'S WIT.—The broom of Counsellor ——, was broken into and plundered. The following morning in court Mr. Curran was asked if he had heard of Counsellor ——'s robbery? "No," replied he "*who did it—did?*"

A NEW DEFINITION.—A tutor in Newark, down in Yankee country, gives a very lucid definition of the phrase, "over head and ears in debt." He says, in his advertisement, it means a man hasn't good for his keep.

LAST BOSTON FUN.—Lady caught in a shower Monday night—stranger politely offered the shelter of his umbrella—accepted—got home, and found his hitch in the bee—wrong color for a rain-bean.

UNACCOUNTABLE.—An English journalist, in speaking of his gracious sovereign, says, "Her majesty is particularly fond of singing *vocal* music." How unaccountable, that her singing should be *vocal!*

ADVICE TO BARDS.—Remain with your mothers as long as you can, and do not get married before you are out of leading-strings.

ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.—Have it fairly understood before you marry whether you intend to marry an individual or a *whole family.*

CORDIAL RECEPTION.—Going to a friend's house, and being treated there with a glass of *oatmeal.*

SMALL BEER.—A DEER in New Jersey, named Billy, has been presented by his wife with three little Bills.

THE VARIETY OMEN IN THE WORLD.—A string of empty cartridges at a funeral!

Winter.

BY JEREMY SHORT, ESQ.

But winter—storm, old grey-beard—we have forgotten thee? There in a grandeur about thy hoary brow, covered with the contortion of snow, and thy beard all spangled with the crystal icicles, which content be forgot. The summer is a young bride, glowing with warmest blushes, and she summer's a fair bride, in a full-dress, nattering blue—and they are very, very beautiful. But thou art of a different order of spirits. Thine is to ride upon the storm whirlwind—to blight the flowers before thy path, the look the streams in icy fetters, and to sound thine anthem, like a choral symphony, through the dim old mysterious woods.

The coming on of winter is like the approach of age. It steals upon us so imperceptibly that at first we know if its approach, is in feeling the frost shuddering along our limbs. We go to bed at night with a warm, south breeze playing through the casement, and almost tempting us to wander forth into the moonlight; but on waking in the morning, the atmosphere feels so chilly that we walk round the room, and see, lo! the whole landscape appears without, covered, as if by magic, with a vesture of snow, whiter than the mantle of bride, and prouder than an ermine robe. We hear the keen blast whistling around the chimneys, or howling in the barn-yard, or roaring through the forest like the voice of the spirit of storm.—We see below, the snow-bird, hopping around the window to pick up perchance a crumb. The cattle and the sheep, and the cows, are scattered shed; and even while we look our breath freezes on the window pane, and we know that winter is near! And a merry old chap he is! Here we love to hear the valiant putter over the hard-crusted snow, as with gun in hand, we rouse him from his nest at break of day—and here we love to guide upon the sleighing, filling the spirits in the moonlight, as they hold their mystic revels on the quiet lake—and then, too, the sleighers merry songs of glory and jingling bells—and the parties sliding among obsolete trees—and more than all, the quiet, holy happiness of the domestic circle, with the one, solitary hands to sit by years she has sat, and yet never seeming, amid all the sorrows which God has chastened us with, to be one whit less beautiful than when we first won her to our hearth. We can see her eyes even now—mild, and blue, and heavenly—swimming with unbidden tears, as we hung her hand upon the golden tresses of her last born, and tells her of her other sister, long since removed above, bymoning songs of glory with her infant voice, and joining in the Hallelujahs of the blest around the great white throne. You!—she tells her then of that little one, until our eyes grew dim with tears, and we almost fancy we can hear that dear one's voice, "far above singing."

But hark!—what sound was that? Is it the howling of the wind, or the shrieks of some angry earthquake? The golden-haired little one, nestling closer to her mother's side, with parted lips and cheek of marble, looks affrighted at the door. Hark!—it comes again. It is not the thunder—it is not the ocean surge—it is not the rending earthquake, but it is the deep roar of the awakening tempest, whirling the snow along the waste, and lifting up its terrific trumpet-blast across the sky. God help poverty, if it is abroad to night!

Poor naked wretches, whereso'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads and naked sides,
Your tempest and unfeatured ruggedness, defend you
From inclemency such as these?

But Lear, though grand, sound yield the palm to one usually feeler, but in this single instance he, for superior. Who can forget the wintry, belated traveller of Thurman? We never read his fate without the tears welling unbidden into our eyes.

"As thus the snows arose, and, foul, and fierce,
All winter drives along the darkened air,
In his own loose revolving fields the swain
Disoriented stands; sees other hills ranged,
Of unknown prospect, thence amazed.

He wanders on
From hill to dale, still more and more astray;
Impatient flouncing through the drifted heap,
Stung with the thoughts of home.

Thoughts that the savage breast
What black despair, what horror fills his heart!
When for the dusky spot which fancy feigned,
His tufted cottage rising through the snow.
He meets the roughness of the middle waste,
Far from the track and blood almost of man.
And ever fresh, with unabated toil,
Renews this savage wilderness more wild.

And down he sinks,
Beneath the shelter of the sheltering drift,
Thinking o'er all the bitterness of death,
Mixed with the tender anguish nature shoots
Through the wrung bosom of the dying man.
His wife, his children, and his friends unseen.
In vain for him the officious wife prepares
The fire fair blazing and the vestment warm.
In vain for little children, jumping out,
Into the tempting snow, demand their sire.
The tears of misery dry on her cheek.
Nor wife, nor children more shall he behold,
Nor friends, nor sacred home. On every wave
The deadly Winter seizes, shuts up sense;
And, o'er the unfeeling stranger stretching cold,
Lays him along the snows, a stiffened corse
Herbaged out, and bleaching in the northern blast."

Master Humphrey's Clock.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

[Continued from our last.]

Expecting Tom Scott to await his return, and not to stand upon such trifles as a knock or a set, or so much as walk upon his hands meanwhile, on pain of lingering torments, the dwarf hurried home, and, without further parley, put his chair shuddering along our limbs. We go to bed at night with a warm, south breeze playing through the casement, and almost tempting us to wander forth into the moonlight; but on waking in the morning, the atmosphere feels so chilly that we walk round the room, and lo! the whole landscape appears without, covered, as if by magic, with a vesture of snow, whiter than the mantle of bride, and prouder than an ermine robe. We hear the keen blast whistling around the chimneys, or howling in the barn-yard, or roaring through the forest like the voice of the spirit of storm.—We see below, the snow-bird, hopping around the window to pick up perchance a crumb. The cattle and the sheep, and the cows, are scattered shed; and even while we look our breath freezes on the window pane, and we know that winter is near! And a merry old chap he is! Here we love to hear the valiant putter over the hard-crusted snow, as with gun in hand, we rouse him from his nest at break of day—and here we love to guide upon the sleighing, filling the spirits in the moonlight, as they hold their mystic revels on the quiet lake—and then, too, the sleighers merry songs of glory with her infant voice, and joining in the Hallelujahs of the blest around the great white throne. You!—she tells her then of that little one, until our eyes grew dim with tears, and we almost fancy we can hear that dear one's voice, "far above singing."

But hark!—what sound was that? Is it the howling of the wind, or the shrieks of some angry earthquake? The golden-haired little one, nestling closer to her mother's side, with parted lips and cheek of marble, looks affrighted at the door. Hark!—it comes again. It is not the thunder—it is not the ocean surge—it is not the rending earthquake, but it is the deep roar of the awakening tempest, whirling the snow along the waste, and lifting up its terrific trumpet-blast across the sky. God help poverty, if it is abroad to night!

Poor naked wretches, wherever